HANS BREITMANN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL VOLUME BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

MEMOIRS. By Charles Godfrey Lehnd (Hans Breitmann). Pp. x., 439. D. Appleton & Co.

There is in Mr. Leland, as in all men of varied attainments in language who are also men of genius, a certain delight in mystification. This peeps out even through the frankness of the confessions in this volume. Not that he has evaded any of the real problems of his life. Speaking of the peculiarities of the autobiographies written by Rousseau and Casanova-he might, indeed, have named a long list of which Rousseau was merely the beginning-he remarks that the world asks too much in the way of frankness. "It is no more necessary," he adds, "to describe everything cynically than it is to set forth all our petty diseases in detail." That is a full and an honest and an adequate reason for not carrying the autobiographic fad into the realm of disgust. Mr. Leland has no occasion to be mysterious in those cases where mystery is better than publicity.

His mystification is one in which he really shares the wonder of his readers. He is like George Borrow and Sir Richard Burton; though his wonder at himself does not lead him to the ill-tempered arrogance of which the former was capable nor to the persistent adventurousness that marked the latter's career. But his faith in himself is colored by the same faint tinge of superstition that was noticeable in the King superstition that was noticeable in the superstition that was noticeable in the daring pilgrim to of Gypsyism, and in the daring pilgrim to Mecca. He may not be thankful for this comparison for he was dubious as to the merits of perceiving that I understood him and was of the perceiving that I understood him and was Borrow, with whom he was as familiar as ordinary people ever get to be. It was his habit of reading almost daily in the British Museum while in London in 1870, that brought him into contact with Borrow. He found him a tall, large, fine-looking man, who must have been handsome in his youth, but he decided after some experience that this fine-looking person was not over-scrupulous in his conduct toward others. Borrow was certainly not as chivairous toward Leland as he might have been. "It came to pass," says the latter, "that after awhile I wrote my book on 'The English Gypsies and Their Language,' and sent a note to Mr. Borrow in which I asked permission to edicate it to him. I sent it to the care of Mr. Murray, who subsequently assured me that Mr. Borrow had actually received it. Now, Mr. Borrow had written, thirty years before, some sketches and fragments on the same subject which would, I am very certain, have remained unpublished to this day but for me. He received my note on Saturday-never answered it-and on Monday morning advertised in all the journals his own forthcoming work on the same subject," Mr. Leland even doubts whether Borrow's work had been so long in abeyance as was asserted. "What I believe is," says he, "that Mr. Borrow had by him a vocabulary and a few toose sketches which he pitchforked together, bu that the book itself was made and cemented into one with additions, for the first time, after he received my note." Nevertheless he calls Borrow the "Nestor of Gypsyism" and points out merely that the eccentric author was not satisfied with the great learning which he actually possessed and with the reputation which it gave him but hungered for notoriety in fields of which he knew little. If he had been endued with the bravado of Burton or the abounding humor of Leland himself he could

have borne himself better.

It is a trait of Leland to exaggerate rather than to lessen the difficulties which he found in acquiring languages. But, as there was a trap for the boastful Borrow, so there is one also for the too modest Leland. It is all very well when he tells how hard it was to learn German; for he means that he acquired an elaborate form of speech with a vast vocabulary and innumerable peculiarities so as to converse in it readily. But when he seems to intimate that the collection of a few Indian phrases and the memorizing of them for immediate use was a matter of infinite labor and pains, then one begins to penetrate the humor of the thing. Leland has a somewhat different scale of difficulties in study to that which ordinary mortals would set up. For example, he might consider it a downright hardship to labor a week over a thing which would absorb the attention of another for a quarter o a year. This must be taken into account at every step, otherwise the reader will find that the autobiographer is really laughing at him from the very pages of the book before his eyes. The insurmountable difficulties of Indian languages for Leland is an idea all the more humorous because he is convinced that he has certain vivid Indian characteristics. He observes that many things which he did almost unconsciously were exactly such as the Indians did from hereditary habit. One of these tricks is the raking together of a small heap of inflammable material and setting it on fire. He found with delight wherever he went among the Redmen in North America that they instantly put confidence in him. Among the Kaws, on one occasion, some white visitors were purchasing curiosities. The Indians, after carefully looking everybody over, chose Leland as the one whom they would consult as to the genuine ness of the bank bills with which they were paid. He was still more delighted when h found that others observed the affection of the savages for him, and drew mysterious, one might almost say superstitious, inferences from it. On one of his Western expeditions it happened that he saw Lieutenant Hesselberger, the young officer who rescued Mrs. Box and her daughters from the Apaches. He naturally praised the bravery of Hesselberger. This was done in the hearing of a wagon driver, to whom Mr. Leland had taken a great liking. The man had lived as a trader among wild Indians, was fluent in Spanish as in his native English, and "knew the whole Western frontier like his pocket." When he heard Mr. Leland's remark, he burst out:

"It isn't all bravery at all. He's brave as a panther, but there's more in it than that. There is about one man in a hundred, and not more, who can go among the most God-forsaken devils of Injuns and never get hurt. The Injuns take to them at a glance and love 'em. I'm such a man, and I've proved it often enough, God Lieutenant Hesselberger is one, and, he added abruptly, "Mr. Leland, you're another."

"What makes you think so?" said Mr. Leland. 'Cause I've watched you. You've got Injun ways that you don't know of. Didn't I notice the other day, when the gentlemen were buying whips from the Kaws, that every Injun took a rquint, and then came straight to you? Why didn't they go to one of the other gentlemen? Because they've got an instinct like a dog for their friends and for such as we.'

There are expressions in Mr. Leland's work which seem to show that he thinks the white race already closer to the aboriginal American type than it was at the outset. He tells of seeing the model of a foot in the studio of W. W. Story, the sculptor, and of declaring at once that it must be that of an Indian girl or a young American woman. But his specific turn for Indian lore he thinks was inherited, for he tells how his grandfather entertained him with stories of the Revolution, and, best of all, with the exploits of an earlier ancestor, who fought in Canada in the French War. This man, having gone up to trade among the Indians one winter, endeared himself so much to them that they would not let him go, and kept him captive until the next summer. "I came across traces of this ancestor," adds Mr. Leland, "in an old Canadian record, wherein it appears that he once officiated as interpreter in the French and Indian tongues; whereby critics may remark that learning French and Algonquin runs in our blood, and that my proclivity for Indians is legitimately inherited. I would that I knew

all the folklore that my great grandsire heard in the Indian wigwams in those old days." cient of themselves to account for the love which Leland in later life developed for Indian which Leland in later life developed to the following shows a shown in some very careful records reaped by the religious houses which fell heir to the renown of these juvenile saints had not a little of investigation which he has published. he says of Borrow, so one may also say of him, that his instinctive love of Nature accounts for men, Indians or Gypsies, are quick to note those peculiarities which make a man one of themselves. It is thus that he alludes to this instinct in him:

stinct in him:

To become intimate as I did in time, during years in Brighton, off and on, with all the gypsies who roamed the south of England, to be beloved of the old fortune-tellers and the children and mothers as I was, and to be much in tents, involves a great deal of strangely picturesque rural life, night-scenes by firelight, in forests and by river banks, and marvellously odd reminiscences of other days. After a little while I found that the Romany element was spread strangely and mysteriously round about among the rural population in many ways. I went one day with Francis H. Groome to Cohnam Fair. As I was about to enter a tavern, there stood near by three men whose faces and general appearance had nothing of the gypsy, but as I passed, one said to the other so that I could hear:

"Dikk adovo rye, se o Romany rye, yuv, tacho"
(Look at that gentleman; he is a gypsy gentle-

man, sure).
I naturally turned my head hearing this, when

I naturally turned my head nearing this, which he burst out laughing, and said:

"I told you I'd make him look round."

Once I was startled at hearing a well-dressed, I may say a gentiemanly looking man, seated in a gig with a fine horse, stopping by the road, say, as I passed with my wife—

"Dikk adovo gorgio adoi" (Look at that gentile or no-gypsy).

mysterious brotherhood, smiled and touched his hat to me One touch of nature makes the whole world grin.

Now, these more or less occult relations to Indians are not the matter of Leland's mystification; but they lead directly to it. He is as thoroughly at home in the midst of superstition as ever Borrow or Burton could be, and he is so because he is frankly superstitious bimself. He is as eager to touch things for luck as ever Borrow was, and he has all of Burton's Oriental confidence in his own moods. "Reflex action of the brain," he exclaims, "and secondary automatism! It must be so-Haeckel, thou reasonest well. But when the 'Old Injun' and my High Dutch ancestor are upon me, I reason no at all, and then I see visions and dream dreams, and it always comes true, without the least self-deception or delusion." He tells stories not only of his trust in himself, but of the confidence inspired in others. Recounting a dangerous adventure in the rapids of a West Virginia mountain river, when simple faith in his predictions saved the crew of a dugout, he adds, speaking of the leader of the mountaineers: "From that hour I was Kchee-bo-o-in or Grand Pow-wow to Sam Fox and his friends. He believed in me, even as I believe in myself when such mad spells come over me." And this is the man who declares himself too much of an Agnostic even to meddle with the unknowable. Is it any wonder that he can wring incantations from the secretive memories of Etrusco

Mr. Leland, in his recollections of his early youth, gives some amusing illustrations of the conviction of bankers and merchants in the New-York, Philadelphia and Boston of sixty years ago that even a wealthy and successful editor, literary man or artist was really an in-

ferior as compared to themselves. But at that time the position of the literary man or scholar, with the exception of a very few brilliant magnates who had "made meney," was in the United States not an enviable one. Serious interest in arts and letters was not understood, or so generally sympathized with, as it now is in "Quakerdejphia." There was a it now it in "Quakerdejphia." There was a gentleman in Philadelphia who was a scholar, and who, having lived long abroad, had accumulated a very curious black-letter and rariora library. For a long time I observed that this library was never mentioned in polite circles without significant smiles! One day I heard alady librar: was never mentioned in polite circles without significant smiles! One day I heard alady say very meaningly: "I suppose that you know what kind of books he has and how he obtained them?" So I inquired very naturally if he had come by them dishonestly. To which the state of the property of the property of the state of the the reply, half whispered in my car lest it should be overheard was: "They say his book are all old things, which he did not buy a any first-class stores, but picked up at old stall and in second-hand shops at less than thei-value; in fact, they did not cost him much."

Of his most famous collection of poems, those of which Hans Breitmann is the hero, Mr. Leland speaks with the pride of a man who did not discover how good his work was until somebody else told him. He writes that the type of Breitmann as a soldier was a cavalryman in the company of Captain William Colton, named Yost. The ballads were published as ecasion served, and it was a printer, also a man of letters, who suggested that they be gathered into a volume. As the poems wer aiready well known, the edition had a ready and wide sale, and the publication in England subsequently led to a long controversy. But Mr. Leland only refers incidentally to his literary works. In his youth it was so often said to him that he could never be successful because he had not in him the making of a business man that he devotes a great deal of space to showing just how successful he was as a news paper man. But the fact is, there are hundreds of us who could have done almost or quite as well in this respect. There is only one man on earth who could have created Hans Breitmann or could have opened the way to the curious lore which Mr. Leland has discovered. The world no longer cares whether he is practical or not. Nevertheless, Mr. Leland's narrative of his work under Colonel Forney has an interest of its own. He had a taste of war, too, as an emergency volunteer in the Gettysburg campaign. Frankly we would give all these things in exchange for a thorough study from within of one of the most individual men of the present century.

MEDIAEVAL JEWRY.

LAND OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

THE JEWS OF ANGEVIN ENGLAND, Documents and Records from Latin and Hebrew Sources, Printed and Manuscript for the First Time Collected and Translated, By Joseph Jacobs, pp. xxix. 425. G. P. Putnam's Sons. (English History by Contemporary Writers.)

This volume, though it ostensibly relates only to the twelfth century, really covers the whole period from the beginning of Anglo-Saxon history down to the year 1206. It was not until \$10 that any record appeared of Jews resorting to England. and in that case the report is made, not by Gentiles, but by the Jews themselves. That is to tay, an event which was really of high import for succeeding centuries attracted almost no at tention on the part of the contemporary public. Indeed, Mr. Jacobs casts doubt upon the entry, which he quotes from "Emek Habacha-Velley of Tears," a Jewish martyrology, complied probably after the middle of the sixteenth century, by Joseph Cohen, of Avignon, simply because it is late and is not supported by other testimony. But it is certainly dry and literal enough to be exactly truc. "In the year 4750 (A. D. 810) Christians and Moors," says Cohen, "fight one another, and men of high station were brought low, and for Israe also that was a time of trouble. For many Jews fled from the sword from Germany to Spain and England, and many congregations who hesitated to fly hallowed by their death the God of Israel, re fusing to renounce him, and thus there remained in Germany scarcely a remnant or refugee on the day of divine wrath." After the Norman Conquest they began to increase rapidly in England, and par ticular mention was made of their numbers Cambridge as early as 1075, that is, within less

than ten years after the Battle of Hastings.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the collection of narratives relating to that favorite topic of mediaeval ballad and story, the murder of Christian boy by Jewish fanatics. "The Prioress's Tale" in Chaucer will, of course, recur at once to every one as illustrating the general character of this superstition. The legend is by no means a thing of the past. There are portions of Europe where popular credulity renews the rumor of some

crime of this sort annually. A case in Hungary attracted world-wide attention a few years ago, and Such stories heard in childhood are surely suffipealed to Pope Leo XIII for a formal pronounce ment on his part against popular prejudice Mr. Jacobs does not besitate to say that the profits to do with the spread of the superstition. But the most troublesome question is how it started in the many of his strongest individual traits. Wild first place. It will be remembered that the ancient tale represented the Jews as putting their victim to death by crucifixion, usually imitating with minute care the killing of Jesus, even to the wound in the side made by the Roman soldier's spear. But the Evangelists have never been favorite reading with Jews, and it would be fanciful to think that they should cherish a morbid interest in one feature of the Gospel narrative for ages and suddealy decide to put it in practice again about the middle of the twelfth century. This, however, must have been what happened, if any part of the famous story of William of Norwich has a basis of fact. For that was the first case of the "plood accusation.'

It now appears that Caparave's version of the tale in the "Acta Sanctorum" was abridged from a hitherto unpublished maauscript, written by Thomas of Monmouth, who lived near the date of the crime. Thomas gives the names of two Jews, supposed to be concerned in the affair, one of whom was called Deusadjuvet (Eleazar); the other, "Theobald, formerly Jew and afterward monk. It was the latter who is represented as disclosing the secret of the murder, cording to him, lots were cast at Narbonne as to the place where the bloody sacrifice should be held, and fell upon Norwich." The narrative shows that the sheriff, after an investigation of the matter, refused to arraign the Jews. so that there could not have been even a prime facie case against them. However, the superby reporting that the Jews had bribed him. The to let one into the secret of the whole affair, and Thomas emphasizes the significance of it by relating an anecdote about William of Hastings Dean of Norwich. The anecdote was told by the Dean himself, and was to the effect that he was once present at a lawsuit between two Jews, it one angrily exclaimed: "Sir William, he that speaks before thee so confidently, does no deserve to be heard by thee, if thou art a Christian. For he was the first to cast hands upon the Christian, whom ye call the martyr William, and siew him with bloody hands. Hence in very truth, he is not worthy to remain among Christlane." Thus, in this case, and doubtless in in numerable others, the worst enemies of the Jews were those of their own household. rumor of Jewish complicity would put a terrible venpon in the hands of any villanous Jew who wished to embarrass a fellow Jew," "Thus," as Mr. Jacobs adds, "the curious result comes out that the attribution of the death of William of Norwich to Jews, and so of the long train of similar charges down to the present day, is due in a large measure to the interested machination of the Jews themselves." The story of Harold, the boy martyr of Gloucester, though written by a contemporary, was even less explicit than that of William of Norwich. The chronicler repeated everything with an "it is said," or "in the opinion

It took the sarcastic and cynical Richard of Devizes, in his short Chronicle of Winchester, to pencture these legends in the true mediaeval style -that is, with an irony which was unnoticed by most people, and which left the author safe from per-"Because Winchester," he remarks slyly had not to be deprived of her due reward for preserving peace to the Jews, the Jews of Win ester, studious for the honor of their city, in their Jewish way earned renowned glory for them selves by martyring a boy at Winchester, as was shown by indications of the deed, though by chance the deed itself was absent." Could anything be more pointed than that? No boy was murdered but the evidences of boy murder were numerou n the minds of the credulous. Then Richard proceeds to bring his boy from France and puts in the nouth of the guileful Hebrew who has charge on the lad in France a speech which is a satire of the lad in France a speech which is a satire on every town in England, except Winchester. This is such an excellent place where the citizens are all civil, the women all preuty, the monks all plous, the clergy all was and liberal, that the old Jew has half a mind to go and be a "Christian with such Christians." And yet, he adds with a feer and perhaps with that familiar gesture accommon among his brethren, "the Wintomans tell lies like watenmen." Speaking of the familiar gesture, it may be right to say that it was undeubtedly known to the Jews of the twelfth century. How otherwise can one interpret the

was plain this for the twelfth century, even if it were half in fun.

A great part of the volume is taken up with the financial transactions of the Jews, in which the King was interested. The King was, as Mr. Jacobs points out, the arch-nauer. At almost every turn he succeeded in squeezing something out of his Jews. But the English Jews were also busy in life-time though they never became so famous as

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Ely's new book on "Socialism" will probably be completed during the coming winter and will be published in the spring. His volume or "Taxation in American States and Chies" has lately been translated into Japanese, and is coming out in Japan.

A supplemental "Part 19" of Mr. T. J. Wise's "Bibliography of Ruskin" has just been Issued. It contains an interesting series of illustrations in faccimile of the titles of the scarcer among the first collector from the accumulation of spuriou

Mrs. Walford, the accomplished author of that winsome book, 'The Baby's Grandmother,' has written a new novel under the suggestive title of

Mr. Charles A. Platt's book on "Italian Gardens" s nearly ready for publication by the Harpers To the interesting illustrations which accompanies Mr. Platt's text as first published in the magazine have been added about thirty large illustrations from new subjects and a colored frontispiece, print-

Over the heretofore unmarked grave of Drum mond of Hawthernden has just been placed a bronze memorial—a medallion portrait round which s cut the epitaph which he wrote for himself is

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace The murmuring Esk. May roses shade the place!

Professor Goldwin Smith's new book-a collection of essays on political and social questions-will soon be brought out. He will presently begin the promised second volume of his work on the United States.

An edition of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Religion of a Literary Man" is to be brought out in this country by the Putnams. We judge from the comments of the foreign critics that the author's theory of religion as indicated in this book is simply that the teachings of the New Testamen should be brought late daily practice.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson's new novel, "The Ebb Tide, s a story of the Pacific.

It was Hawthorne who suggested the theme of "Evangeline" to Longfellow. He invented it and talked of using it in a novel, but thought it to difficult, and in the end gave it up and readily consented to hand it over to the poet.

It is stated that Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist has been for some time engaged in writing a "Life of Christ." He is quoted as saying that he will probably rewrite it, and that he has no intention of publishing it until he can make a long stay in Palestine.

For a long time the authorship of that once fanous book, "The Vestiges of Creation," was un known; then it was gradually whispered about that Robert Chambers had written it. Mrs. Crosland, the author of a new book of reminiscences, de-scribes a dinner at Chambers's house when the book was first credited to him. "Just when the fish was removed, the time when tongues are 'The Vestiges' came under discussion. quarter of lamb was set before the master of the ouse-for dinners a la Russe had not yet been introduced-and he was in the act of separating the shoulder from the ribs with the skilful dexterity of story, but, as a matter of fact. Is an accomplished carver, when some lady at the dogs don't regard them as mongrels.

upper end of the table, with singular impropriety, exclaimed: "Do you know, Mr. Chambers, some people say you wrote that book." Though sitting next my host. I happened to be looking toward Mrs. Chambers, and I saw that she started in her chair and that a frown was on her face. She looked at her husband, but his eyes were bent on the lamb, on which he continued operating in an imperturbable manner, observing: I wonder how people can suppose that I ever had time to write such a book. There was silence for a minute, and then I think the subject dropped. I believe I have never since seen a quarter of lamb without thinking of that dinner and Robert Chambers's evasive answer. Now that the book is acknowledged to have been his, and his wife is said to have been the copyist, I can well understand her start and her

Professor Boyesen's commentary on Ibsen's works is to be brought out immediately. Popular interest in the author of the "Doll's House" is now small, but perhaps Mr. Boyesen knows how to reawaken

Maurice von Jokai, the most famous writer of Hungary, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the appearance of his first novel a few weeks ago. whole nation remembered the day, and almost countless gifts and addresses were sent to the popular author. Jokai, as a youth, studied law at the University of Pressburg, but never practised his profession, feeling that he had a greater future in literature and journatism. When only seventeen years old he wrote a drama, "The Jewish Boy," which drew forth the praise of the National

Academy. He took an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1848, but later became an ardent advocate of the union between Austria and Hungary, thus winning the favor of the imperial family. To aid him in the advocacy of the political theories which he professed in Parliament-to which he was elected a quarter of a century ago-he founded the journal "Hois," one of the most influential newspapers in Hungary. For years he was also the editor and owner of a humorous weekly, contribut-ing almost everything which it contained. Aside from his engrossing political duties, he has found time to write more than 200 volumes-dramas novels and poems—and numerous short stories and saetches, "The down-trodden nation," wrote a amous Hungarian recently, "needed a national literature, and Jokai created it. His works alone

and he offered it; a national drama was lacking and he created it. Wherever there was a literary want, from anecdote to tragedy, from the lyric to the epic, he came forward and filled it. One of Jokai's greatest admirers was the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, who, when he began the colossal history called "Austro-Hungary in Word and Picture," appointed the poet editor of the part relating to Hungary. He is still en gaged on the work. Despite his near approach to three-score-and-ten, Jokal's energy and talents

Lucas Malet, otherwise Mrs. Harrison, otherwis Charles Kingsley's daughter, otherwise the author of "Mrs. Lorrimer," has written a new book which will appear about the Christmas-time.

seem unimpaired.

Mr. W. D. Howells is at work upon a new novel and a play. His novel is to have a theatrical interest, as its theme is the struggle of a playwright to get his play upon the boards.

A Scotch youth who in past years knew Jane Claire: Clairmont in Italy persuaded that ancient but still beautiful dame to give him various reminiscences of Shelley and Byron. She described livers incidents of a visit made by her with the two poets and Mary to Marlow on the Thames, and ave two specially characteristic glimpses of her brother-in-law and his friend. "I can see Sheller now," she said, "coming from the river into that little inn parlor, and his comical face of disgust when he found us taking anything of an alcoho inture and meat food, and the landlord's goodhumored banter of the poet, who would live isttuces and lemonade... The conversation varied from maddest fun and froile to grave subjects of fate, free will and destiny, and Shelley was great on the contrast between the beauty of the scenery sition of the English peasantry. 'Imagine scenes like these,' I remember his saying, 'peopled by be ings ht to inhabit them, as by the uprooting of a few tyrannous customs and debasing superstitions stortan. You may do with mankind what you please, but you will never make it anything else than the unwavery converies of dunes and thieves that it implanting philanthropic sentiments in the mind of a monkey, or tender sentiments in that of a tiger, as of developing man into an angel, which is practically what you suggest. Indeed, man is a great deal worse than either. He is the only brute which gotten those words," she added; "they give the key-

On the young Scotchman's promise to refrain from publishing any record of her talk until ten cars after her death (thirty years was the period insisted upon as to some of her recollections), the generable Claire became reasonably frank in her revelations. At least so the young man intimates

in his article in "The Nineteenth Century."

It was impossible to obtain a good word for Byton from this hady, though, to do her justice, she showed no rancor, and I must admit I gradually began to feel my hero's stature dwarfing; but I was young then and impressionable, and since I have restored him to his old position in my affections. ons.
"He was utterly selfish," she said, but she could be deny that he gave about a third of his money.

The was utterly selfish," she said, but she could not deny that he gave about a third of his money away to the poor.

"Well, he did not show much generosity t\$ that unfortunate Leigh Hunt," she insisted; and on my replying that, after all, Leigh Hunt must have been rather a vulgar cockney bore, she rippeted with, "It be, after all, natural that you should take up the cudgels for liyron, for he was a thorough Scor, his brilliancy and good looks he inherited to a great extent, from the 'gay Gordons,' his mother's family, and his love of the bawbees and his love of dogmath religion were both intensely Scottlas. He has 'scotched not killed, the Scotsson in his birth,' as he himself said in 'Don Juan,' with a venseance. He even wanted to secure both this world and the next in some camp Scotch fischlor. He would talk religion and predestination and other exploded doctrines with any old Presbyterian parson by the hour, without the remotest idea of practising any religion whatsoever, though, to do him instee, he was absolutely reckless of life."

"Well, you must admit that the final scene, the fight for Greece, was splendid?"

"I don't know that there was anything particularly splendid shout it," she replied, "He was itred to death of La Gutccoil, whom he treated in a way very few women would have stood, notwithstanding the rapturous memoirs she wrote of him some years ago, and he simply invested a great deel of money in the Greek cause with the clean great deel of money in the Greek cause with the strength able man, and in his way a thorough man of the world, but he was utterly selfish, utterly felse and utterly spoiled and vain, while, as the French say, he was always playing to the gallery. That is my opinion, anyhow, and you may take it for what it was worth. Byron had treated her badly, as Shelley had treated Fanny Wentbrook. Under the circumatances, I think she was more just than the majority of women would have been.

It took it for what it was worth. Byron had treated her badly, as Shelley had treated Fanny Wen

ave been. In reply to questions from me as to the extérior namer and appearance of the two men, she said

in reply to questions from me as to the extérior manner and appearance of the two men, she said that Byron was a great deal of a dandy, though latterly more of a foreign than an English dandy, his stay abroad having much more denationalized him than Shelley's had him. Byron had become very Italian in his habits. The manners of both were perfect, the easy, unassuming manner of well-born and brought-up English gentiemen, though Shelley's was simpler.

I asked her how they would compare with the same class nowadays. "Well," she replied, "you see I know so few of my countrymen now, but I should say just the same." There was, however, she said, a great difference between the manner of the two men, for though neither put on what is nowadays vulgarly but expressively called "side." Shelley was perfectly simple and natural, while Byron's manner, though it could be charming to a degree, was tinged with a vein of Don Juanesque recklessness. In fact, she said, "the stants of that poem convey a very good idea of Byron's manner."

Byron's great charm, she said, was his voice, which was as melodious in its subtle variety of eadence as music itself.

Sir Henry Hogarth, the well-known author of the History of the Mongols," is having this story told in him. One day he sat a dinner next to a lady shose mind seemed full of the diseases and diswhose mind seemed full of the diseases and dis-tresses of her pet dog, and who bombarded Sir Henry with questions as to what should be done for the animal. Not being satisfied with his replies, she finally expressed her great disappointment his ignorance, and remarked; "Well, Sir Hen-must say I did think you would have told me "Well, Sir Henry, I to manage my little dog, particularly as it is cross-bred-you who wrote that delightful "History of the Mongreis?" It is a pity to spell such a good story, but, as a matter of fact, ladles who own

· NOTES ON BOOKS.

M. LEVY'S "NAPOLEON INTIME"-THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AS POET-THE PSEUDONYM LIBRARY-MISS CO-RELLI-MRS. CRAIGIE.

London, October 31. A recent advertisement by Messrs, Bentley supplies a characteristic illustration of the difference between French and English methods of publishing. M. Arthur Levy's "Napoleon Intime" appeared in French as a single octavo volume, loosely printed in large type, at the regulation French price of seven francs and a half-say six shillings and three pence, or \$1 50. It has been translated, padded out by devices of the printer, till it fills two octavo volumes, and is offered to the confiding British public at 28 shillings, or more than four times the cost of the book in its genuine form. Why? Not, I apprehend, from mere cuszedness. The English publisher has perhaps no more of that than other people have. He has a reason, and the reason is Mudie. It is the kind of book which people are more likely, he thinks, to borrow from the circulating library than to buy. Therefore, it is issued in a shape which suits the library and does not suit the private buyer. Nor can there be a seat number of private customers for such a book translated from the French. If the book is bought, it is bought in the original.

The original is now, I think, in its eighth edition, and ever since its appearance has been the delight of the Napoleon idolator; a species which includes the great majority of the French nation. It is avowedly a panegyric; avowedly an attempt to present the more human side of Napoleon; to prove that he had affections, generous impulses, domestic qualities-nay, that he had honor, uprightness, and truthfulness, and something which might be called a heart. To this end M. Levy collected with diligence, from memoirs and from every kind of biographical record, all that made for this view of his hero; emitting the shadows and author. I felt no more leaning toward the theatre dipping his pencil, as Wendell Phillips used to say, in the sunlight only. It is not history, it did not know whether I had genuine talent as a is not biography; it is hero-worthipping, pure and simple, and not in the sense which Cariyle found profitable, and rashly recommended to persons of less discrimination than | Dame aux Camelias'—this youthful book written himself. Such a picture may be well enough | rapidly in a bachelor's rooms at St. Germaine—had to glance at after Taine or Lanfrey, in both of whose portraits of Napoleon the shadows are strong, as in any true portrait they must be But whoever looks at Levy, and at Levy only, will see but a caricature, and of all caricature flattery is the least useful.

It is, however, remarkable that a book so onesided as his should have been praised,-with many qualifiations, but yet praised,-by a historian with a mind so judicial as Mr. Lecky's. Whether in the interest of Messrs. Bentley's translation or not, Mr. Lecky reviews Levy for an enterprising evening paper. That he should testify to the absorbing interest of the book is natural, but he might have warned his readers against the determined one-sidedness of it in terms much stronger and clearer than he bes chosen to employ.

There will always be men, some of them men of a very high type, for whom Napoleon has a of a very high type, for whom Napoleon has a fascination. So long as the fascination is purely intellectual—if such a phrase may be used—no great harm is done. The mischief begins when admiration of his unequalled mental powers ex- for me. I wandered about in the hunt of adtends to his character. Mr. Lecky is open to no venture, and plucked here and there memories such charge as that. He is so far impressed by among the pleasantest of my youth. We had as Levy as to admit that he has shown that Napoeon possessed stronger affections and more amiable characteristics than it has of late been the fashion to assign to him. But he redresses, in great measure, the balance when he traces the thorough traveller, and with my father had visited failure of his life, not to any failure of his the banks of the Rhine and Italy. In short, I lived faculties-though that is a theory for which, denied though it be by Mr. Lecky, something might be said-but to the selfish and insatiable ambition of which ultimate foliure was the direct, natural, inevitable result. Such a judgment is not novel, but it is, and will forever remain, accurate and irreversible.

On Mr. Murray's October list of forthcoming works appears a book entitled "Crux Mundi and Other Poems," by the Duke of Argyli. What influence or impulse is it that leads men eminent in other branches of mental activity to write and publish verse? The most recent example was Mr. Lecky, who, having won an honorable fame as a historian, tempted fortune with a volume of metrical exercises. Fortune and the tublic said no. There had never been in Mr. Lecky's prose any indication that prose was an insufficient medium for the expression of his thoughts or emotions. There was none in his poetry.

It is not necessary to predict that the Duke of Argyll's poems will disclose none. But it may be said in advance that if he prove to have any of the faculty divine, without which poetry is naught, he will surprise those who know him best. He is a very dignified and admirable figure in the public life of this country, and perhaps the finest of living English orators, in which latter fact may lie some hope of unsuspected poetle faculty, since to the best orgtory the quality of imagination is seldom wanting.

But the Duke is, above and beyond all other things, a hard-headed Scotchman; a statesman, an economist, a student of science, a theologian, and in none of these capacities is there much oom for latent poetry. Probably the truth is that he cannot be content to leave any broad field of intellectual effort unexplored. There are people who consider that poetry may be writby anybody who sets about it resolutely. All through his career the Duke has shown that he has confidence in himself. It has been almost always a just confidence, but never before has he made an experiment so hazardous as that upon which he is now about to enter.

Mr. Fisher Unwin continues the issue of his Pseudonym Library, which mainfains a good average of interest. The volumes which during the last year have attracted readers in search of something new have been those by John Oliver Hobbes. Whether they gained anything by appearing under that name, rather than under that of Mrs. Craigie, is a question which may be left to answer itself. If you contribute to a Pseudonym Library you must, it would seem, have a pseudonym, though the rule, if I recollect rightly, is not invariable.

Mrs. Craigie was, in either case, sure of a hearing. She has not been welcomed with a blast of trumpets, but she has found readers in England among the critical-minded men and women to whom the ordinary three-volume novel, written for the circulating library, is a weariness, if not an abomination. It is not primarily a question of length, though the tendency of the hour is to shortness. It is a question of intolerable dulness and of intolerable English.

The latter does not deter everybody. Has not Miss Marie Corelli a vogue among the patrons of Mudie, and will any one say that Miss Corelli's English is tolerable? She has, at any rate, shown how easy it is to be at the same time both flippant and commonplace. To be sensational is not to escape from the groove. Nor are any of these adjectives misapplied to the new "Barabbas" which Miss Corelli chooses to announce as a Dream of the World's Tragedy. She dreams through three volumes at a guinea and a half; the inexperienced reader perhaps at each moment hoping she may awake and so the nightmare end, but hoping in vain. She is a product of Mudie, and did not the Queen herself praise one of Miss Corelli's books? And will any one venture to say that the Queen is not a good judge of her own English? Alas, it has to be said, and to be said also that neither in art nor in literature has Her Majesty ever shown taste or insight, or any critical faculty. Her opinion on the literary merit of a book is in-Miss Marie Corelli a vogue among the patrons

valuable for advertising purposes; for critical purposes, it is of no avail.

Mrs. Craigle is, I imagine, a young writer, but she has already shown no mean power of en pressing in an epigrammatic form ideas and opinions which are, to say the least of them, her own. She has passion, or-which for literary purposes may be better-a knowledge of passion "The Sinners' Comedy," her latest book, seether with it, and he who reads only for the story, which is but secondary, might not be fully conscious how deep the passion is. Mrs. Craigle has accustomed her mind to take not the usual but the unusual view; that which is individual, not that which is common to everybody. She is full of surprises, and if she is cynical it is not for the sake of being cynical, but for the sake of being true; which is another way of saying that her cynicism is more apparent than real more in the form than in the substance. What her purposes for the future may be I know not, nor whether she has high literary ambitions. But she has done enough to make it clear that she may, if she will, create for herself a place in literature. G. W. S.

DUMAS'S CONFESSIONS.

HOW THE NOVELIST'S SON BECAME A DRAMAT.C AUTHOR.

Alexandre Dumas fils has been setting forth ome interesting reminiscences of his early liferecollections especially notable, as they concern

his dramatic debut. "I fell among the dramatic authors," ne says, "in an even more remarkable way than my father. He. at least, felt driven by an irresistible impulse which was awakened by accident. While at his desk one day in the Palais Royal-in the office of the secretary of the Duke of Orleans-he found a volume of French history by Auquetil, opened at a certain place. Three months later his piece, and His Court," had been accepted by the Theatre Français, and the great success of the piece decided the author to enter on a literary

career. "With me it was different. Before 'La Dame aux Camelias' I had produced nothing which could lead to the belief that I was called to be a dramatic then toward other branches of literature. I really writer or not. About this time-that is, soon after the revolution of the year 1848-I was sufficiently aware of my small amount of fancy and power of observation to may to myself that if my novel, La been accepted by the public with special favor, it was due to the fact that one could recognize or every page the genuineness of a twenty-year-old

"Why and wherefore did I become an author? Mon Dieu! Perhaps to imitate papa! On the school benches I had naturally said to myself that, as an author's son, it was also my duty to spoil paperand when fifteen years old I wrote verses. And then I wrote more verses after I had left school to pans away the time, so to speak, without attach ing more importance to them than to the cigar Later, when I had the means to pay for my own cigars. I broke myself of the habit of smoking. What I made best of all in those days was, to spenk honestly, debts.

"In the beginning that went well enough," continues Dumas. "I had just left college, was still young, had simple tastes, lived modestly, at first nione and later with my father, and accompanied him on his travels. Thus I was with him in Spain travelling companions August Maquet, the painters Louis Boulanger and Eugene Giraud, and Desbarolles, who then had begun to read his destiny in his hand. From Spain we wandered to Africa, and visited Aigiers and Tunis. I was at that time a much with him and went with him to Belgium, where he settled for a time after the revolution of wrote novels, as previously I had written verses, to els had at least the excuse that they brought me in a little money-but it was very little

"In the mean time, my expenses had increased eativ. By an easy-going, attractive kind of life journeys, I had piled up a good-sized debt. One beautiful morning, upon awakening, I calculated that I had 20,000 france liabilities. Then I west to 'Yes, my friend,' he replied, that is very sin-

"He sat at his deck, the pen in his hand, and con tinued with that smile on his lips the giant's work which he had carried on so many years. That was a lesson for me. On that day I saw clearly that the moment had come to renounce the useless and purposeless life which I had led up to that time. saw that my father had suggested the best means to get me out of my embarrassment. It was time for me to take my place in the ranks of the workmen, the more so as I knew that I should work myself out of those ranks finally, if I really possessed talent.

"While in this mental state, when behind the scenes of the Theatre Historique one evening, Antony Beraud, the former director of the Ambigu. proposed to write a drama with me, declaring that he had found the material in 'La Dame aux Camelias.' To tell the truth, I had already thought of placing the piece on the stage. But my father

camelias.' To tell the truth, I had already thought of placing the piece on the stage. But my father had dissuaded me from undertaking it. He laughed at my first words and ended my effort by saying: In that book there is no stage piece."

"Berand's proposal gave me new hope," says the author. "I was, after all, not the only one who thought that Marguerite Gauthier's novel might be the foundation of a dramatic study. The thought was attractive. I accested the offer and saw already—Oh, power of youthful imagination:—the possibility of paying some of my debts. But the dream was of short duration, for I soon saw that I could not agree with my coworker. He saw in the novel the material for a heavy melodrama for the theatre whose direction he hoped to obtain again. After endless discussions, I left the undertaking to him on the condition that he sign his name as the sole author, and give me the half of the receivts.

"For fully eighteen months, I heard nothing more of this excellent plan, But one day I received Beraud's adaptation for the stage. It is seemed to me the maddest thing in the world. I have keet it as a curlosity. Then the thought came suddenly to write the piece myself. It came upon me like a fever, and in eight days the work was completed. Proud of this work-storm, but somewhat embarraseed, because I had acted contrary to my father's advice, I went to the copyist with my drama, decided to make him sweat secrecy. I was hardly in the room, however, when I was surprised by my father, who entered, manuscript in hand, and interrupted the conversation. There was nothing to do but acknowledge that I had not followed his advice. My father referred to his experience and his requisition, the second act tears were in his eyes. In the third act he cried like a child, But I was obliged to case reading. I had an engagement, and had read to the end. He laughed through his cars, and prophesied a brilliant success for me, but also endless trouble with the censor. He prophesied correctly. The piece had endless difficult

CURIOUS OLD LETTERS.